



ROMANTIC STORY

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

Romantic Story

Nº 26



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Garrow	Cathy
de Fleming	Dale
Steale	Gone
Sullivan	Farn
Thomas	Lash
Car Tracy	Roberts
Stevens	Jerry
Tamblin	Julius
Thompson	Max
U Tucker	Burt
Stewart	Allan
Taylor	Peter
Id Todd	Frank
in Wayne	Marion
Stockwell	Palmer
Thompson	John
Forme	Harvey
Wayne	Barbara
van Lunden	Vivian
Mitchell	Doris
and Masses	Joan
Bros	Adam
St	Pat
Master	Abby
Miller	Phyllis
Madison	Marjorie
by Martin	Wesley
Miller	Phyllis
Mahones	Janet
Martin	Adel
Maeker	George
Marion Mitchell	Reynolds
and Denning	
by Driscoll	

Down	Jane Ne
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to Lama-	Eleanor
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ROMANTIC STORY Volume 1, Number 26 September, 1954
Published bimonthly by Charlton Comics Group. Executive offices and office of publication Charlton Building, Derby
Conn. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, at Derby Conn. Price per copy 10c. Subscription 12 issues,
\$1.20 Copyright 1954 by Charlton Comics Group. Designed by Al Fago Studios. Printed in the U.S.A.

ROMANTIC STORY

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

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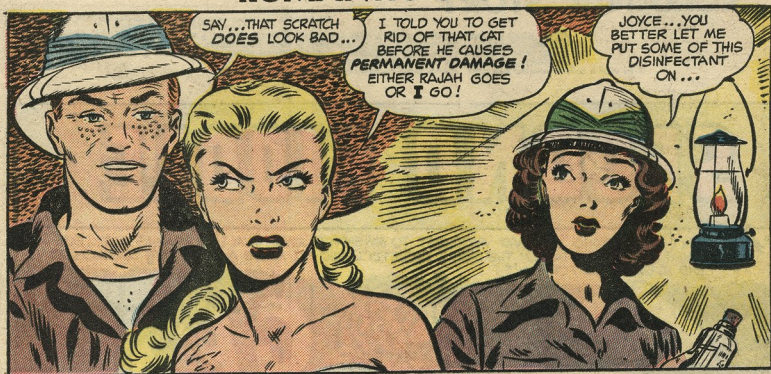
SECOND FIDDLE



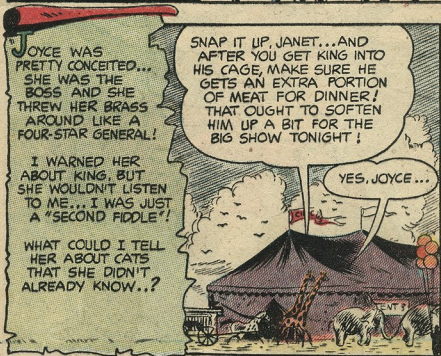
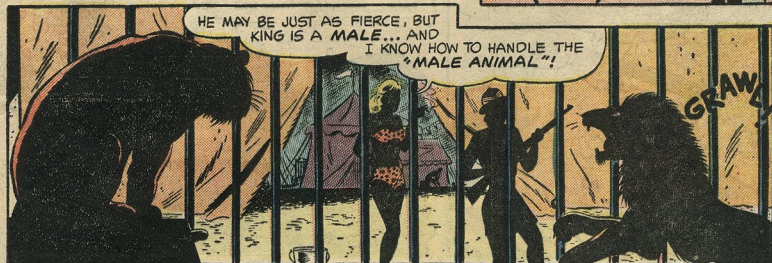
DIDN'T MIND PLAYING "SECOND FIDDLE" TO MY SISTER JOYCE, IN A LION TAMING ACT... BUT WHEN SHE FINALLY TAMED THE MAN I SECRETLY LOVED-- I MADE A DESPERATE DECISION TO END IT, ONCE AND FOR ALL!"



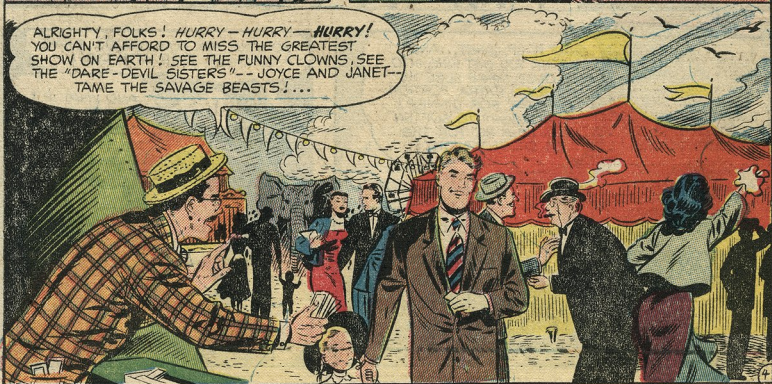
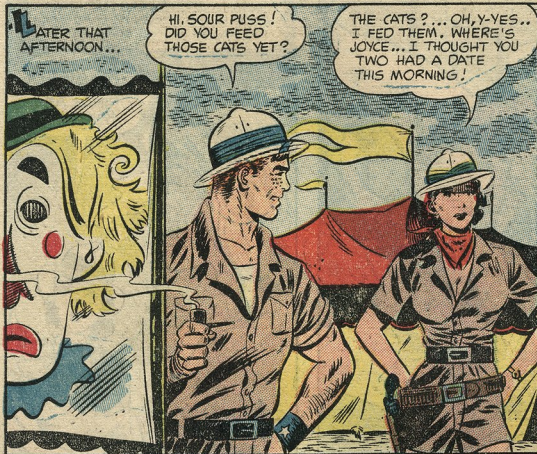
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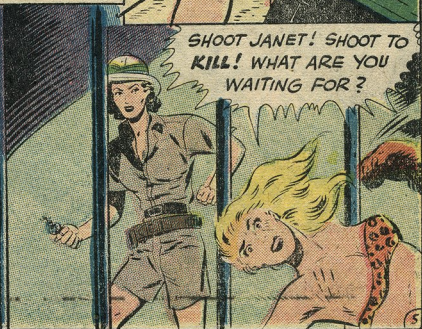
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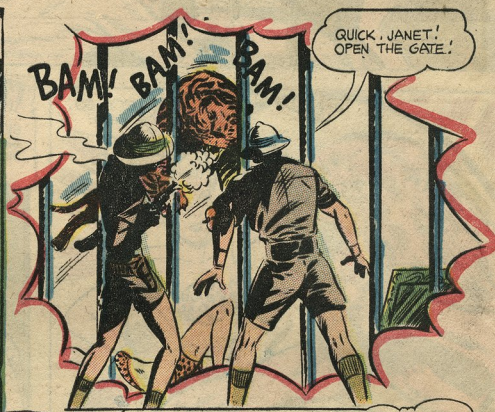
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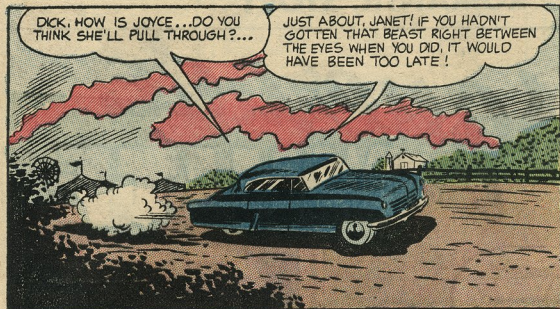


ROMANTIC STORY



STAND BACK, FOLKS! GIVE THE POOR GIRL AIR!... JANET, GET MY CAR! WE'VE GOT TO GET YOUR SISTER TO A HOSPITAL!

ROMANTIC STORY



Masquerade in WHITE

BUT GAIL, DON'T YOU SEE? I'VE WORKED SO HARD, SACRIFICED SO MUCH FOR MY CAREER... I CAN'T GIVE IT UP NOW!

YOU'RE DELUDING YOURSELF, VERNE. YOU CAN GO ON FOOLING THE WORLD, BUT YOU AND I WILL ALWAYS KNOW THE TRUTH, YOU'RE A CHEAP FRAUD AND A CHARLATAN!

CAUGHT UP IN THE MAD DREAM OF HIS AMBITION, VERNE ADAMS NEVER REALIZED THE DANGEROUS PATH HE TROD UNTIL HE'D FOUND HIMSELF STANDING ON THE BRINK OF A YAWNING ABYSS THAT THREATENED TO ENGULF THE ONLY LOVE THAT HAD EVER BEEN HIS.

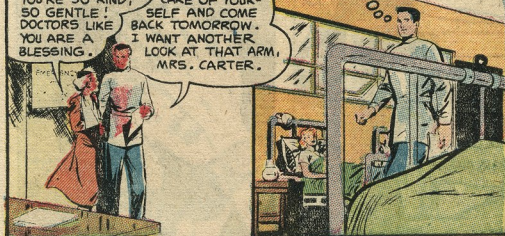


AS I USHERED MY PATIENT OUT OF THE EMERGENCY ROOM OF THE PINE POINT HOSPITAL, I FELT AN EXHILARATING SURGE OF PRIDE AT HER OBVIOUS REVERENCE AND ADMIRATION.

IT'S LIKE A DREAM. ONLY TWO YEARS AGO I WAS JUST A DISCHARGED ARMY MEDIC. AND NOW I'M REALIZING MY GREATEST AMBITION---A SUCCESSFUL MEDICAL CAREER!

MOMENTS LATER IN THE HOSPITAL OFFICE, MY EXULTANT MOOD WAS SWAMPED IN A WAVE OF APPREHENSION AS I WENT THROUGH THE MORNING MAIL. MY HUMILIATING SECRET HAD FOLLOWED ME TO PINE POINT...

OH, DOCTOR ADAMS! YOU'RE SO KIND, SO GENTLE! DOCTORS LIKE YOU ARE A BLESSING. JUST TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF AND COME BACK TOMORROW. I WANT ANOTHER LOOK AT THAT ARM, MRS. CARTER.



IT'S HERE! THE LETTER...



ROMANTIC STORY

BLAST THE LUCK ! I KNEW IT WOULD HAPPEN AS SOON AS THEY CHECKED MY REFERENCES. NOW I'VE GOT TO BE ON THE MOVE AGAIN !

MY MIND WORKED WITH THE EFFORTLESS EASE YOU GET FROM LIVING BY YOUR WITS. BY THE TIME THE HOSPITAL SUPERINTENDENT ARRIVED, MY GLIB STORY WAS READY.

AND SO AN HOUR LATER FOUND ME ON THE ROAD, THE NARROWNESS OF MY ESCAPE FORGOTTEN AS I RAILLED AT MY FATE.

In reply to your inquiry, Dr. Verne Adams never attended Western Medical College...he may be an imposter. Please check with us.

I'VE JUST RECEIVED TERRIBLE NEWS, DR. BLAINE. MY FATHER'S VERY ILL. I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE AT ONCE. I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO COME BACK. MY MOTHER WILL NEED ME.

I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU LEAVE. YOU WERE MORE THAN VALUABLE, VERNE. I'LL GIVE YOU THE FINEST REFERENCES, OF COURSE.

A LETTER, THAT'S ALL IT TAKES TO UPROOT ME, SEND ME RUNNING. FOR YEARS I'VE DREAMED OF BEING A DOCTOR, DEVOTING MY LIFE TO PRACTICING MEDICINE; BUT THEY'RE ONLY INTERESTED IN A MEDICAL DIPLOMA, A SCRAP OF PAPER !



I KNOW AS MUCH AS ANY OF THE DOCTORS I'VE WORKED WITH. DR. BLAINE'S LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION PROVES THAT. MY YEARS IN ARMY MEDICAL CORPS GAVE ME EXPERIENCE !

IT CAME BACK TO ME NOW. THE YEARS IN ARMY HOSPITALS --- ON THE BATTLE-FIELD MY DEVOTED STUDY OF MEDICAL BOOKS AND JOURNALS, ALL THE THINGS WHICH HAD KINDLED WITHIN ME THE DESIRE FOR THE GLAMOUR OF A DOCTOR'S CAREER.



AFTER MY DISCHARGE THEY TOLD ME IT WOULD TAKE YEARS OF STUDY TO EARN A MEDICAL DEGREE. STUDY ! WHEN I ALREADY KNEW MORE ABOUT MEDICINE THAN THOSE QUACKS WOULD EVER KNOW !

WELL, I'VE SHOWN THEM I DON'T NEED A DEGREE, AND I'LL SHOW THEM AGAIN ! SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND ANOTHER POST. I'LL PROVE I CAN BECOME A SUCCESSFUL DOCTOR.



ROMANTIC STORY

NOW, AS SO OFTEN BEFORE, THE HUMILIATION OF MY FLIGHT WAS FORGOTTEN IN THE OVERWHELMING DESIRE TO FULFILL MY AMBITION. BY THE NEXT DAY, I WAS APPLYING FOR A POSITION AT THE OTHER END OF THE STATE...

I'M READY TO START NOW, SIR---UH, UNLESS YOU WANT TO WAIT UNTIL MY REFERENCES ARE CHECKED.

THIS LETTER FROM PINE POINT WILL BE SUFFICIENT. YOU'RE JUST THE MAN WE NEED.

YOU CAN START AT ONCE. I'LL PUT YOU IN THE CAPABLE HANDS OF MY SECRETARY, MISS GAIL SAUNDERS.

I'LL BE GLAD TO SHOW YOU AROUND THE HOSPITAL, DR. ADAMS.

THAT TINY HAND IN MINE SUDDENLY SEEMED LIKE A PRECIOUS THING. SHE MUST HAVE SHOWN ME AROUND THE HOSPITAL, BUT I'LL NEVER BE SURE. AT LAST SHE WAS SHOWING ME MY ROOM.

WELL, I GUESS I'LL BE LEAVING NOW. I'D LIKE TO WISH YOU EVERY SUCCESS HERE AT CARLTON HOSPITAL, DR. ADAMS.

SHE'S LOVELY!

NO! I MUSTN'T GET FOOLISHLY INVOLVED! IN MY POSITION I'VE GOT TO AVOID COMPLICATIONS. I CAN'T HAVE ANYONE KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT ME!

BUT THE NEXT DAY, WHEN I MET HER IN THE CORRIDOR, SHE HAD ONLY TO FLASH THAT WARM, LOVELY SMILE AGAIN---AND MY RESOLVE WAS FORGOTTEN!

THE SOCIAL WELFARE LEAGUE IS RUNNING A BENEFIT FOR THE HOSPITAL AT THE SUMMER THEATRE JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN. I'VE BEEN ASKED TO SELL TICKETS TO THE STAFF.

I'D BE GLAD TO GO, MISS SAUNDERS, IF YOU'D COME WITH ME.

A VERY UNSUBTLE APPROACH, DOCTOR. BUT AS AN OLD CARLTON RESIDENT, I SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE NEIGHBORLY TO A NEW ARRIVAL. I'LL BE GLAD TO COME WITH YOU.

SPLENDID! THEN IT'S A DATE.

ROMANTIC STORY

A HUNDRED TIMES THAT WEEK I CALLED MYSELF A FOOL FOR MAKING THE DATE, BUT WHEN THAT MAGIC EVENING ARRIVED, I FORGOT MY MISGIVINGS IN GAIL'S GRACIOUS PRESENCE. WHEN THE PERFORMANCE WAS OVER ---

IT WAS A WONDERFUL PLAY... NOW AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU CAME?

I AM, FOR MORE THAN ONE REASON.

BY THE TIME THE EVENING DREW TO A CLOSE SHE HAD ME TALKING ABOUT MYSELF AS THOUGH WE WERE OLD FRIENDS.

--- AFTER MY PARENTS DIED IT WAS ROUGH GOING, BUT BY WORKING NIGHTS I MANAGED TO GRADUATE COLLEGE AND FINISH MY PRE-MED COURSE.

AFTER THAT IT WAS WESTERN MEDICAL. I STOKED FURNACES, WAITED ON TABLES, SWEEPED FLOORS TO EARN MY TUITION. BUT I GRADUATED WITH HONORS.

IT'S AN ACCOMPLISHMENT TO BE PROUD OF, VERNE.

HER EYES BRIMMED WITH ADMIRATION. HOW COULD SHE KNOW MY WHOLE STORY WAS A LIE FROM BEGINNING TO END? ONE OF THE WELL-REHEARSED TALES I OFTEN USED TO FILL IN THE BACKGROUND OF MY MYTHICAL CAREER? I AROSE, FIGHTING BACK A WAVE OF SHAME.

I THINK I'D BETTER GO NOW. IT'S GETTING RATHER LATE.

YES, YOU HAVE A BIG DAY AHEAD TOMORROW. I BELIEVE YOU'RE ASSIGNED TO WARD DUTY. GOOD NIGHT, VERNE.

YOU'D BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP, DR. ADAMS. YOU'RE BEGINNING TO DEVELOP A CONSCIENCE. AND YOU CAN'T AFFORD THAT!

MEANWHILE, AT THE HOSPITAL, I WAS SLIPPING EASILY INTO MY OLD ROUTINE. IN MY WORK, IN THE CLINIC AND THE WARDS, I MADE A POINT OF BEING NOTICED BY DR. KENT...

DID YOU READ POLLARD'S ARTICLE ON ACTH IN THE MEDICAL JOURNAL... I THINK WE MIGHT TRY HIS METHODS ON THAT ARTHRITIS PATIENT IN WARD A.

HM. I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, ADAMS.

I WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT, DR. ADAMS.

I MADE SURE HE WAS LISTENING WHEN I BEGAN THAT SPIEL ABOUT POLLARD'S ARTICLE.

ROMANTIC STORY



VES, MY GLIB TONGUE AND MY MASTERY OF MEDICAL TERMS WAS BUILDING A REPUTATION FOR ME, BUT THINGS DIDN'T ALWAYS GO THAT SMOOTHLY.

OCCASIONALLY I HAD TO THINK FAST TO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE.



BUT THOUGH I AVOIDED SITUATIONS WHICH COULD IMPERIL MY MASQUERADE, MY HEART KEPT PLAYING AT ITS OWN HAZARDOUS GAME. GAIL AND I WERE DATING REGULARLY.



AS I LEFT, I DETECTED A QUIET GLEAM OF AMUSEMENT IN HER EYES.

IT CAME TO ME THEN THAT I WASN'T FOOLING HER. SHE KNEW AS WELL AS I THAT IN SPITE OF MY STRUGGLE AGAINST IT, I WAS FALLING DEEPLY IN LOVE WITH HER.



ROMANTIC STORY

THIS IS THE TIME TO GET A REAL START IN MY CAREER. BUT I'M RISKING EVERYTHING BY FALLING IN LOVE LIKE A SILLY SCHOOLBOY.

BUT NOT UNTIL TWO WEEKS LATER, DID I REALIZE THE RISKS I WAS TAKING. ONE NIGHT, WHEN I HAD TAKEN GAIL TO A LOCAL CHARITY DANCE---

VERNE, I KNOW YOU'LL BE GLAD TO MEET DR. SILEN OF CONCORD CITY. HE'S A GRADUATE OF WESTERN MEDICAL TOO, YOUR ALMA MATER.

DON'T REMEMBER SEEING YOU AT ANY ALUMNAE MEETINGS, DOCTOR. YOU MUST HAVE GRADUATED WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS.



I'LL ALWAYS HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE IN MY HEART FOR OLD WESTERN. SAY, REMEMBER OLD POP SCHNEIDER, THE ANATOMY PROFESSOR?

YES. GREAT OLD FELLOW, WASN'T HE? ALMOST LIKE A GODFATHER TO THE STUDENTS.

POP SCHNEIDER? WHY THE CRUSTY OLD DEVIL HATED HIS STUDENTS. HE ALWAYS SAID THEY DIDN'T HAVE BRAINS ENOUGH TO DISSECT A GRASSHOPPER.

I-I MUST HAVE BEEN THINKING OF SOMEONE ELSE.

IT HAD BEEN A CLUMSY SHOT IN THE DARK. THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES WERE A TORMENT OF TENSION AND NERVOUSNESS AS I STUMBLED INTO PITFALL AFTER PITFALL. AT LAST---



BUT YOU'RE ALL WRONG, ADAMS. THE BIOCHEMICAL LAB WAS IN MANOR HALL NOT THE SCIENCE BUILDING.

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT AT THAT, DOCTOR. I THINK YOU'D BETTER EXCUSE ME. I--UH--HAVE A SPLITTING HEADACHE.

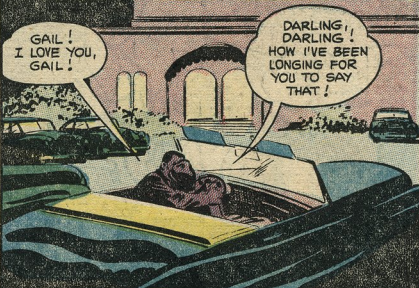


GAIL...IF YOU DON'T MIND I'D LIKE TO LEAVE NOW. I'M TOO TIRED TO BE GOOD COMPANY TONIGHT.

OF COURSE, VERNE, I UNDERSTAND. YOU'VE BEEN WORKING HARD LATELY.



PERHAPS IT WAS GRATITUDE, PERHAPS IT WAS MY DEEP LONGING FOR HER THAT SUDDENLY SURGED TO THE SURFACE, BUT AS WE ENTERED MY CAR MY ARMS WENT ABOUT HER IN A FIERCE EMBRACE...



ROMANTIC STORY

IT'S BEEN THAT WAY FOR A LONG TIME, HASN'T IT? BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY IT SOONER, DARLING?

I---WELL---IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE NOW THAT WE HAVE EACH OTHER.

BUT THAT NIGHT IN MY ROOM, MY NERVES WERE CRAWLING WITH ANXIETY ONCE AGAIN.

THIS IS CRAZY---CRAZY! I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS. THAT CONVERSATION WITH SILLEN PROVED THAT I'M SKATING ON THIN ICE. ANOTHER SLIP LIKE THAT AND GAIL CAN'T HELP BUT SUSPECT ME.

I'VE HAD TO CHEAT AND LIE AND STEAL TO GET WHERE I AM, AND NOW THAT MY AMBITION IS ABOUT TO BE REALIZED, I CAN'T RISK LOOSING IT ALL, NOT EVEN FOR GAIL!



AND SO IT WAS. THE NEXT DAYS, I AVOIDED GAIL AT EVERY TURN, PASSED HER UP AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY. SHE COULDN'T HELP NOTICING IT. TOWARD EVENING SHE STOPPED ME IN THE CORRIDOR...

VERNE, WHY DO YOU KEEP AVOIDING ME? YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN TO ME FOR DAYS.

NOW GAIL, AFTER ALL, THIS IS A HOSPITAL, AND WELL---WE SHOULDN'T WASTE TIME ON OUR PERSONAL AFFAIRS.



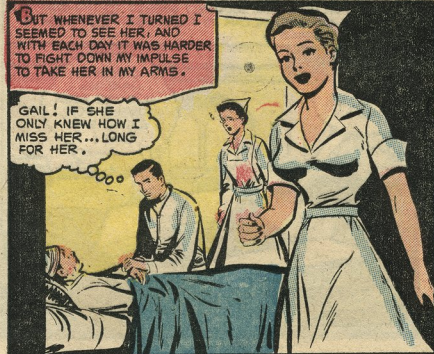
I THINK I UNDERSTAND, VERNE. ALL RIGHT. I'LL STOP BOTHERING YOU. I DON'T WANT TO MAKE MYSELF OBNOXIOUS.

OKAY, DR. ADAMS. THERE IT IS---JUST THE WAY YOU WANTED IT.



BUT WHENEVER I TURNED I SEEMED TO SEE HER, AND WITH EACH DAY IT WAS HARDER TO FIGHT DOWN MY IMPULSE TO TAKE HER IN MY ARMS.

GAIL! IF SHE ONLY KNEW HOW I MISS HER...LONG FOR HER.



DAY BY DAY THE TENSION WITHIN ME MOUNTED. THEN ONE DAY I'D BEEN TREATING AN ACCIDENT CASE, THE PATIENT WASN'T RESPONDING TO MY TREATMENT. SUDDENLY I SAW GAIL IN THE DOORWAY...

HIS PULSE IS FLUTTERING---GROWING WEAKER!

THAT PLASMA SHOULD HELP. HE'LL BE COMING AROUND SOON.



ROMANTIC STORY



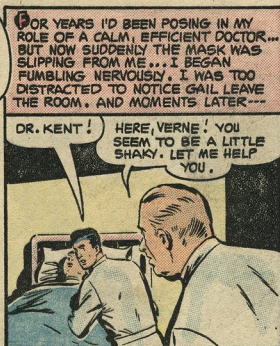
VERNE, I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU ABOUT SOMETHING.

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, GAIL... WILL YOU STOP ANNOYING ME? CAN'T YOU SEE I'M HANDLING AN EMERGENCY CASE?



THE PATIENT'S SINKING FAST, DOCTOR!

I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING I CAN THINK OF--- BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO RESPOND.



FOR YEARS I'D BEEN POSING IN MY ROLE OF A CALM, EFFICIENT DOCTOR... BUT NOW SUDDENLY THE MASK WAS SLIPPING FROM ME... I BEGAN FUMBLING NERVOUSLY. I WAS TOO DISTRACTED TO NOTICE GAIL LEAVE THE ROOM, AND MOMENTS LATER---

DR. KENT! HERE, VERNE! YOU SEEM TO BE A LITTLE SHAKY. LET ME HELP YOU.



IT WAS ABSURDLY SIMPLE. A HYPO OF DIGITALIS INTO THE MUSCLES OF THE HEART. I'D DONE IT BEFORE, BUT THIS TIME THE PRESSURE OF EVENTS HAD BEEN TOO MUCH FOR ME. AS THE PATIENT BEGAN TO REVIVE---



VERNE, THIS IS TOO IMPORTANT TO WAIT. YOU'D BETTER COME WITH ME TO THE OFFICE.

WELL, IF IT CAN'T WAIT---



AND THAT'S WHEN IT CAME. HER WORDS WERE HARD COLD AND UNCOMPROMISING. THE LETTER IN HER HAND WAS FROM WESTERN MEDICAL COLLEGE...

I'VE SUSPECTED SOMETHING EVER SINCE YOUR CONVERSATION WITH DR. SILLEN, AND CHECKED. YOU'RE NOT REALLY A DOCTOR, ARE YOU, VERNE?

NO, I HAVEN'T A MEDICAL DEGREE, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.



WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT A DIPLOMA---A MERE BIT OF SHEEPSKIN? I'M EQUAL TO ANY DOCTOR IN THE HOSPITAL. WHY, NOT TOO MANY YEARS AGO A MAN DIDN'T NEED A DEGREE TO PRACTISE MEDICINE!



WITH TODAY'S MIRACLE DRUGS AND METHODS ANY GOOD ARMY MEDIC IS AS EFFICIENT AS A DOCTOR OF TWENTY YEARS AGO!

BUT YOU DON'T MAKE SENSE, VERNE. NOTHING CAN EQUAL A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE AND EDUCATION.

ROMANTIC STORY

EDUCATION? I GOT MINE IN A DOZEN ARMY HOSPITALS. AND I GOT MY EXPERIENCE AT THE FRONT, IN KOREA. THE DYING MEN I PATCHED UP THERE DIDN'T ASK ME FOR MY DEGREE!



YOU'VE COMMITTED A CRIME AGAINST EVERY PATIENT YOU TOUCH. THEY'RE ENTITLED TO A DOCTOR'S HELP WHEN THEY COME HERE.



THE PATIENT BACK THERE NEARLY DIED BECAUSE OF YOUR INEXPERIENCE. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MURDER! IS YOUR CONSCIENCE STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY THAT BURDEN?



I WAS TRAPPED, DESPERATE! BUT THERE WAS ONE WEAPON I STILL HELD. ONE TRUMP CARD I HADN'T PLAYED YET---AND NOW I PLAYED IT.

DARLING, LISTEN TO ME. I CAN MAKE MY WAY HERE IF YOU'LL LET ME. TEAR UP THAT LETTER AND NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW. WE COULD BE MARRIED.

YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU, VERNE. MARRYING YOU WOULD BE MY DREAM OF HEAVEN, BUT WE WOULDN'T BE HAPPY THIS WAY.

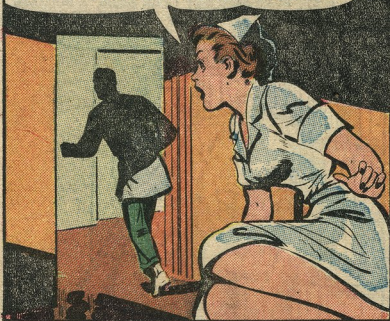


YOU'VE GOT TO TELL THEM, VERNE. YOU'VE GOT TO--- OOOHHHHH!

LET ME GO! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



THAT'S RIGHT, RUN AWAY! BUT WHERE WILL YOU RUN THAT YOUR CONSCIENCE WON'T FOLLOW?



THE SCORN IN HER VOICE BIT INTO ME LIKE A WHIP-LASH...IT DROVE ME OUT THERE LIKE A HUNTED THING. SHORT MOMENTS LATER I WAS DRIVING SWIFTLY DOWN THE ROAD, AWAY FROM CARLTON.

I'LL GET AWAY! I'LL MAKE A FRESH START SOMEWHERE. I'LL BEGIN AGAIN.



ROMANTIC STORY

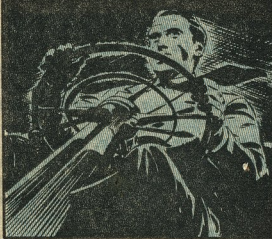
BEGIN WHAT? ANOTHER
PRETENSE---ANOTHER
MASQUERADE? LOOK AT
ME RUNNING AWAY---
RUNNING FROM THE TRUTH---
RUNNING FROM THE ONLY
GIRL I EVER LOVED!



YES, I NEARLY LOST THAT
EMERGENCY PATIENT! OUT IN
KOREA I'VE SEEN MEN DIE IN
MY ARMS, AND CURSED BECAUSE
I DIDN'T HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE
TO SAVE THEM. WITHOUT A
DOCTOR---THEY WERE CONDEMNED
TO DEATH.

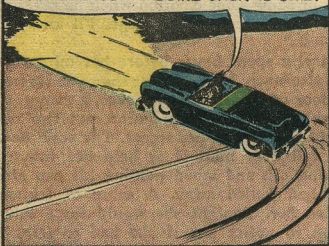


AND WHAT AM I DOING BUT CON-
DEMNING PEOPLE TO DEATH WITH-
OUT A CHANCE? THAT'S WHAT
GAIL WAS TRYING TO TELL ME,
BUT I WOULDN'T LISTEN.

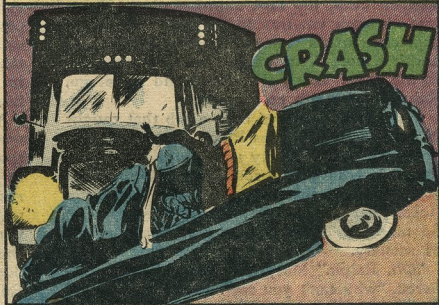


AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE WHEEL WAS
SPINNING IN MY HANDS, SWINGING MY
CAR ACROSS THE ROAD.

NO! I'M THROUGH RUNNING AFTER THAT
DREAM OF MINE. I'M GOING BACK TO
FACE THIS OUT---GOING BACK TO GAIL!



MY BRAIN WAS TEEMING WITH WILD EMOTION...I NEVER
SAW THE TRUCK COMING UP THE SIDE ROAD!



LONG DAYS AFTERWARD I AWOKE IN CARLTON
HOSPITAL TO FIND GAIL AT MY SIDE LIKE A BLESSED
ANGEL OF MERCY. WITH MY LAST BIT OF STRENGTH
I TRIED TO SPEAK---TO TELL HER---

I WAS COMING BACK TO YOU, GAIL.
I KNOW YOU CAN'T BELIEVE
IT, BUT---

I KNOW IT'S
TRUE, DARLING.
DURING THE NIGHTS
I WATCHED YOU IN
YOUR DELIRIUM, MY
NAME WAS ALWAYS
ON YOUR LIPS...



IT IS WEEKS NOW SINCE MY ACCIDENT. I'M BEING
HELPED TOWARD RECOVERY BY THE FINEST
MEDICAL CARE---REAL DOCTORS WITH A SPLENDID
BACKGROUND OF EDUCATION AND EXPERIENCE.
I THANK HEAVEN THEY ARE NOT CHARLATANS
AS I WAS...

THEY SAY I'LL NEED
ANOTHER OPERATION,
GAIL...AND AFTER
THAT THERE'LL BE
A TRIAL.

WHATEVER HAPPENS
WE'LL FACE IT
TOGETHER, DARLING!



EMPTY ARMS

THE stage director jumped up from his chair in the wings. "You got it, kids. That'll be all for today's rehearsal. Keep that atmosphere of emotional tension when we open next week and we'll have Broadway in our hip pockets."

Slowly, reluctantly, Marilyn Dee straightened and let her arms drop to her sides. She was trembling and it seemed that the violent pounding of her heart must betray her to all the cast. At the first words of the director, Ralph Edson had released his embrace. One moment his arms were around her, enclosing her slim figure. The next moment he had stepped back, his face expressionless. There was no more emotion in his eyes than there had been in his embrace. It was theatre and nothing more. The script read: *He takes her in his arms*. When the script said to let go, Ralph let go with no regret.

Marilyn Dee choked back a sob that caught in her throat. As far as Ralph Edson was concerned, she was merely a feminine lead to be wooed in front of the footlights and forgotten completely in the wings. All her slim loveliness, her dark and arresting beauty was no more to Ralph than a well-designed bit of scenery.

"Oh, Ralph," Marilyn's aching heart whispered, "why can't you see me as a real person just once? Why can't your arms tighten when they hold me, or your lips come alive for that last stage kiss? But you even avoid looking into my eyes when we stand together, as if you even disliked the necessity."

The director was facing them. "We'll have a complete run-through tomorrow night. We'll start early and quit early. Wear any old thing you want to for this rehearsal."

Ralph gave a stiff nod. "Good night, Marilyn. Good night, all." He went on out through the stage door, his manner almost that of a man hurrying away from something distasteful.

Undressing for bed that night, Marilyn stared at herself in the mirror. What was wrong with her? Why did Ralph seem to dislike her? Had she given away her secret adoration in some manner that frightened him? It was known that Ralph Edson was

shy around girls. His name had never been linked with that of any feminine lead, yet normally he bantered with the cast and was popular with everyone. It was only since Marylin won the leading part in his new comedy romance that he had seemed to change, to tighten up, to withdraw into some secret shell of reserve.

She threw herself across the bed, letting the tears come. "Oh, Ralph, I'm so crazy in love with you that it hurts all the time. Why can't you at least act as if I'm alive?"

She sat up suddenly. "The director said to wear any old thing for tomorrow night's run-through. I'll pretend I'm on my way to a party somewhere and wear that new strapless evening gown. If he won't at least look at me then, or show some emotion when he takes me in his arms there on the stage, I'll know it's hopeless."

Marilyn spent hours before her mirror the next afternoon. When at last she came through the door of her apartment house, a man going by whistled shrill appreciation and two cabs raced to be first at her signal. The staid doorman fell over himself to help her into the winning cab and stood holding his cap after they had pulled away. A sense of triumph flooded her. Tonight she would force Ralph Edson to notice her if she had to faint in his arms.

AS she came through the stage door, a chorus of whistles went up from the assembled cast. Danny Layton, the second lead, fanned himself. "Somebody call the fire department. She's going to have this place in flames any minute, wearing that outfit."

Ralph turned from talking to the director. For a moment his eyes went wide and she thought at first he was going to rush to her side. Then, his face suddenly pale, he turned quickly away. He spoke to the director a moment and then reached for his hat. "I'm sorry, everybody, but — but I'm not feeling well tonight. You'll have to carry on as best you can without me. I'll be all right for dress rehearsal tomorrow. Sorry!" And before Marylin's shocked, horrified gaze he fairly bolted out the stage door into the darkness.

The cast stared. Sylvia Day said, "What got into you? He was gay as a lark five minutes ago?"

Heartsick and bitter, Marylin ran through her lines dully as they finished a half-hearted practise. She was leaving, her shoulders sagging, her eyes misted, when the anger began to grow in her. Suddenly she straightened. "He can't go on doing this to me. I'm going to get to the bottom of this right now."

She caught a cab and gave the number of Ralph's apartment hotel. All the way through the early evening crowds and traffic, she sat in the edge of the seat, her fists clenched, her face grim. This would be a showdown. If she was that distasteful, then it was time to retire from the cast and let someone else take over. There would be other leads open. But first she would face Ralph Edson and force him to explain his crazy actions.

A DAZZLED desk clerk let her sail past without demanding that she first send up her name. A moment later Marylin stepped from the elevator and pushed the buzzer beside Ralph's door. Now her first flood of anger was evaporating and she found herself trembling at the very thought of facing Ralph. Then her own dark despair rose to lend her strength.

The door opened and Ralph stared at her dazedly. His face was haggard, his hair mussed as if he had plowed nervous fingers through it in moments of stress. Color flooded his face and then drained out, leaving him pale. "You," he stammered. "I—I can't talk to you now. Please go away. See me tomorrow . . ."

"No," Marylin said sharply and took a determined step forward. Automatically, Ralph stepped back and she pushed the door out of his limp hands and stepped through. "There's something wrong about us and I think I'm entitled to know what it is, Ralph Edson. Why do you act as if just the sight of me was poison? If you can't bear me, even on the stage, then it's time I got out. But I think I've given enough of myself to the play to deserve at least an explanation. Why do you dislike me so intensely?"

"Dislike you?" Ralph whispered. "Oh, good Lord, Marylin—if you only knew the truth."

"I'm going to know it," Marylin said flatly. "I want to know all of it now—tonight—before I leave here. What have I said or done to upset you so that you run away the moment I appear?"

He wet his lips. Staring at him, Marylin felt herself shaken by the same desperate

hunger for his arms, the same yearning to feel the pressure of his lips on hers. She thought wildly, they call the theatre a world of make-believe, but they have no idea how make-believe it can be. For three months Ralph has held me in his arms each night; for three months he has kissed me at the climax of each rehearsal. Yet never once in all that time have I felt his arms or known the sweet fire of his lips.

"Marylin," Ralph groaned. "Please stop this. You don't understand at all. Of course you've upset me. You upset me by being anywhere near me, by looking so lovely and desirable. You drive me half mad night after night when you step into my arms and raise your lips and I know it's only pretense, only part of a script some fool with a typewriter dreamed up to torment mortal flesh."

"Ralph," she cried. "What are you trying to say?"

The room was spinning, the pound of blood suffocating in her throat.

"It isn't what I'm trying to say," Ralph cried. "It's what I've been trying not to say. I'm in love with you, Marylin. I'm so wildly, madly in love with you that I can't go on looking at you and reciting love-talk and taking you into my arms when it's all a mockery and a sham."

She wanted to laugh and she wanted to cry and she did a little of both, standing there in the foyer of the apartment with her empty arms half-lifted. "Why didn't you say so?" she sobbed. "Why didn't you let me know? Couldn't you see that I was suffering the same torments night after night? I've done everything but hit you over the head to make you see my love."

"You mean . . . ?" Then he took a step and his arms were around her, tight and fiercely possessive. "Oh, my darling, how could I know? You're the most beautiful, the most desirable creature in all the world. What right had I to think you wouldn't laugh at me? You, who could have the world at your feet . . ."

"My dearest one," Marylin whispered and her hand went up to smooth the rumpled hair, to press him closer. "You're all the world to me, but I don't want you at my feet. I want you here in my arms—always."

THEN their lips met, and there was no sham, no pretense, no theatrical make-believe in the fire that blazed up to weld lips and hearts together into one, forever indivisible, forever warm.

THE END

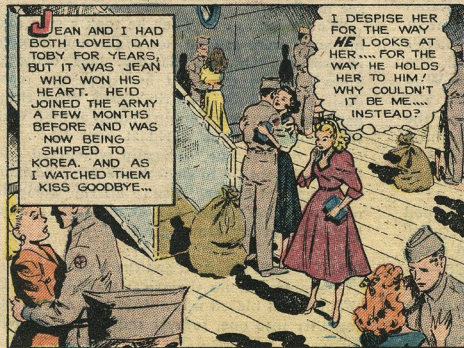
LETTER TO A SOLDIER



Would the biggest lie of them all give her one more chance to win Dan's heart? Would it prevent her from facing the future alone and afraid? Sheila pondered the deepest dilemma of her life!

DAN,
I...

CAN YOU
DENY YOU WROTE
THIS LETTER? GO
AHEAD, SHEILA...LIE!
TELL ME YOU DON'T
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT IT!



JEAN AND I HAD BOTH LOVED DAN TOBY FOR YEARS, BUT IT WAS JEAN WHO WON HIS HEART. HE'D JOINED THE ARMY A FEW MONTHS BEFORE AND WAS NOW BEING SHIPPED TO KOREA. AND AS I WATCHED THEM KISS GOODBYE...

I DESPISE HER FOR THE WAY **HE** LOOKS AT HER... FOR THE WAY HE HOLDS HER TO HIM! WHY COULDN'T IT BE ME... INSTEAD?

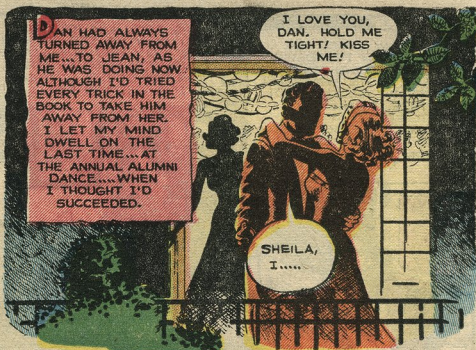
HOW I YEARNED FOR HIS ARMS AS HE TURNED FROM JEAN TO SAY HIS GOODBYE TO ME. HOW I HATED HIS BROTHERLY KISS.

OH,
DAN...

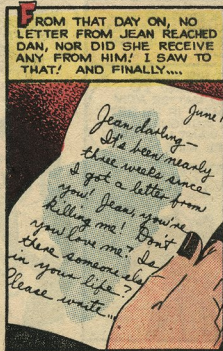
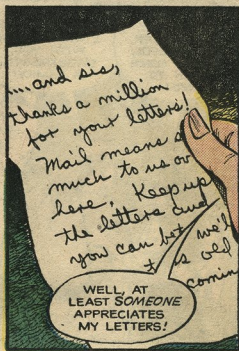
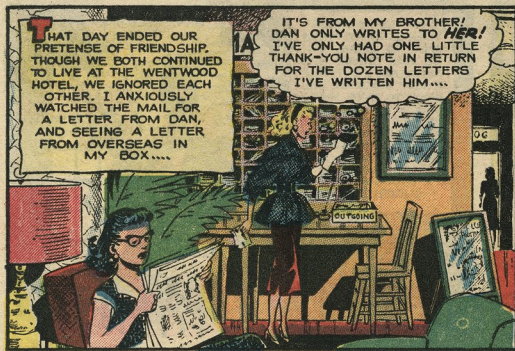
GOODBYE,
SHEILA.



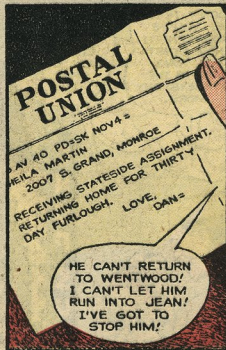
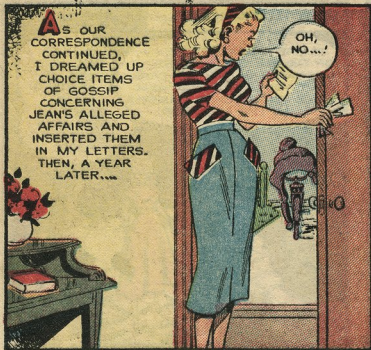
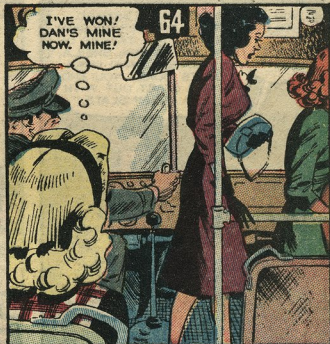
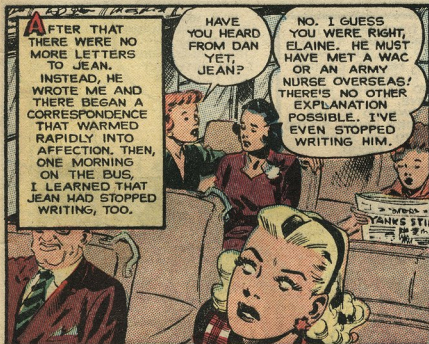
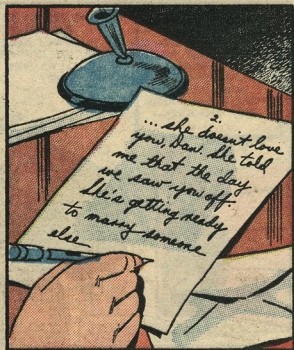
ROMANTIC STORY



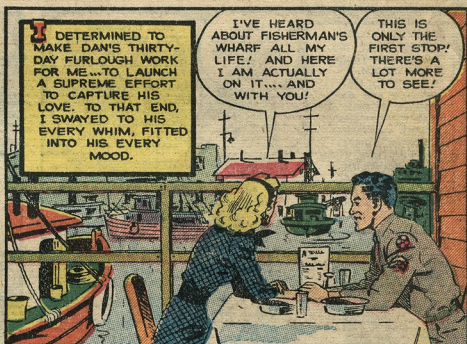
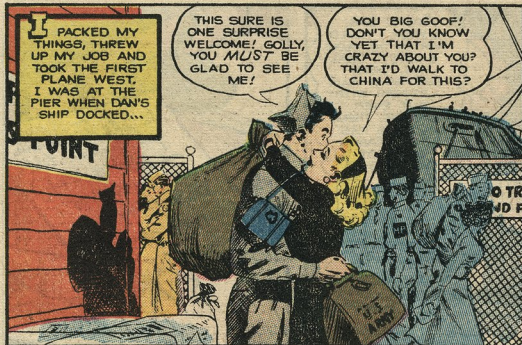
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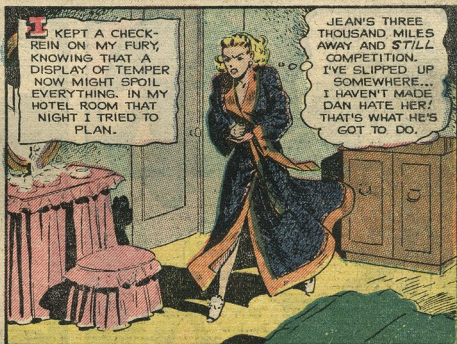
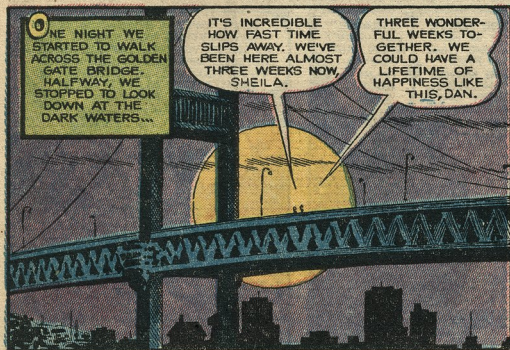
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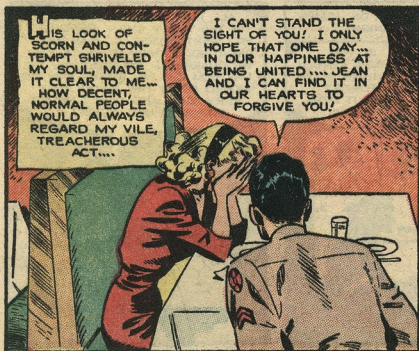
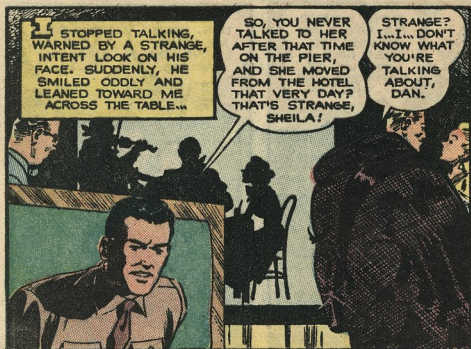
ROMANTIC STORY



ROMANTIC STORY



ROMANTIC STORY



ROMANTIC STORY

BARBARA

HALE

DREAM GIRL of the MONTH

BBROWN-HAIRED, HAZEL-EYED BARBARA HALE WAS BORN IN DE KALB, ILLINOIS, AND STUDIED TAP AND BALLET DANCING FROM THE AGE OF 12 ON!



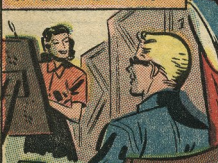
WHILE SHE DABBLED IN ACTING WITH A LITTLE THEATRE GROUP IN ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS, BARBARA NEVER HAD ANY DESIRE TO MAKE THE DRAMA HER LIFE WORK! A TALENTED ARTIST, SHE PLANNED TO BECOME A PAINTER!



DURING HER SENIOR YEAR AT ROCKFORD HIGH SCHOOL SHE WAS QUEEN OF THE MAY! SHE ALSO WON A NUMBER OF OTHER BEAUTY AND POPULARITY CONTESTS IN HER HOME TOWN!

UPON GRADUATING FROM HIGH SCHOOL, SHE ENTERED THE CHICAGO ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, WHERE SHE STUDIED COMMERCIAL ART AND DID MODELING IN HER SPARE TIME!

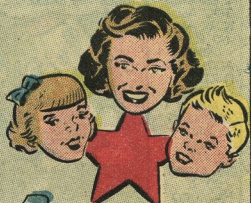
UNKOWN TO BARBARA, ONE OF THE EXECUTIVES AT THE CHICAGO MODELS' BUREAU SENT HER PICTURE TO A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO EXECUTIVE! A FEW WEEKS LATER, A TALENT SCOUT STOPPED OFF IN CHICAGO EXPRESSLY TO SEE HER, AND A SHORT TIME LATER BARBARA SIGNED A LONG-TERM CONTRACT WITH AN RKO STUDIO IN HOLLYWOOD!



THERE IS SMALL CHANCE THAT BARBARA WILL EVER TAKE UP A CAREER AS A COMMERCIAL ARTIST NOW, BUT SHE IS CONTINUING HER INTEREST IN ART, SPECIALIZING IN ILLUSTRATION, AND PORTRAITURE!



SHE IS VERY FOND OF CHILDREN AND HOPES SOME DAY THAT SHE WILL HAVE THE TIME AND FINANCIAL MEANS TO ENGAGE EXTENSIVELY IN CHILD WELFARE WORK!

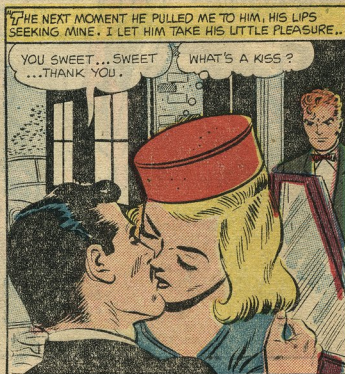
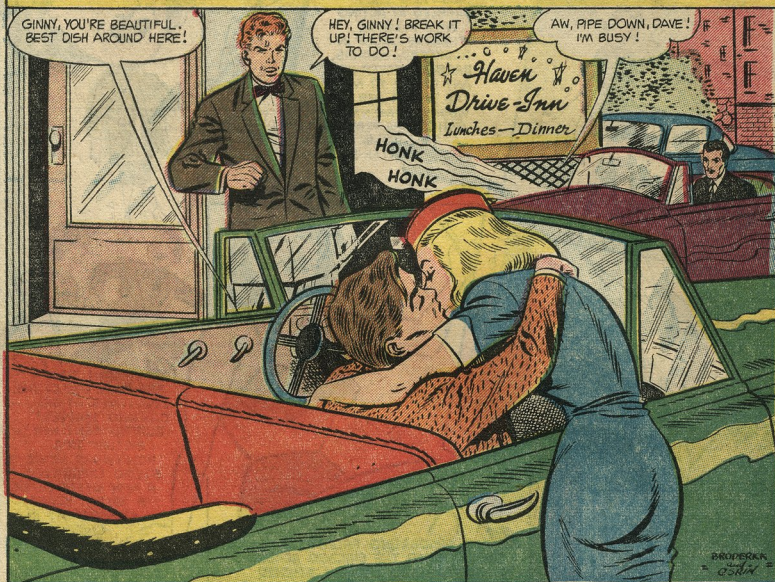


BARBARA IS MARRIED AND HAS TWO CHILDREN, A DAUGHTER, BARBARA WILLA JOHANNA, AND A SON, WILLIAM THEODORE!

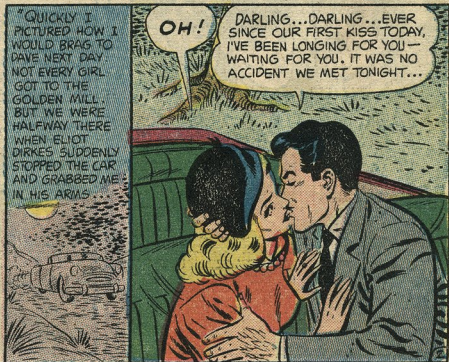
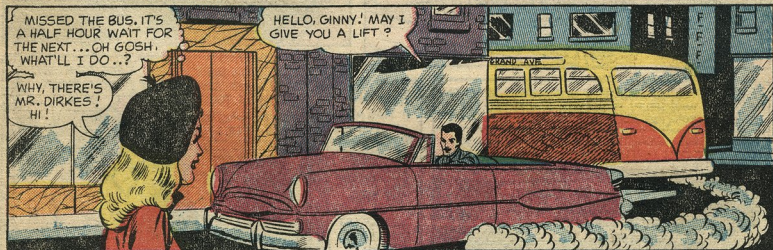
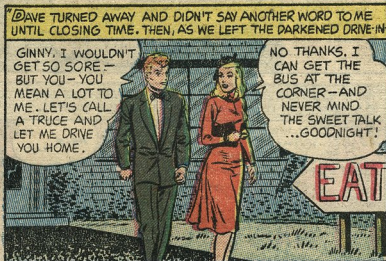
ROMANTIC STORY

"I CONSIDERED THEM HARMLESS FLIRTATIONS THAT PAID OFF FOR ME. I DIDN'T KNOW THAT ONE MAN TOOK MY LIGHT WAYS WITH DANGEROUS SERIOUSNESS, FOR I WAS ONLY..."

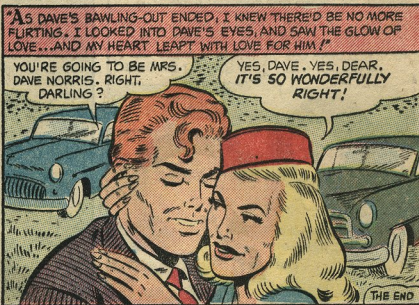
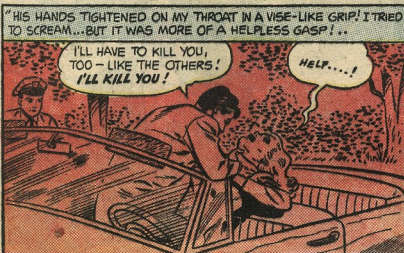
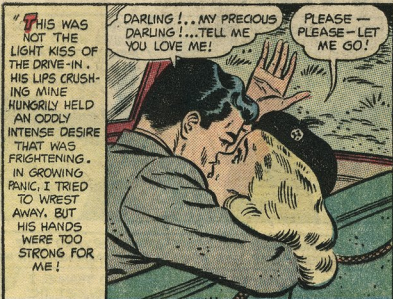
TEASING!



ROMANTIC STORY



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Doctors agree that BED-WETTING can cause nervousness, stuttering and emotional disturbances in children, very often seriously affecting their future and character, making them "psychological cripples."

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DEVELOPED AFTER YEARS OF EXTENSIVE HOSPITAL AND CLINICAL RESEARCH AS REVEALED IN MEDICAL LITERATURE

The discoveries of science, many times, are brought about by indirect means. Take the case of the exclusive DRY-TABS formula. Medical practitioners chanced upon the formula while they were investigating a remedy for another illness. Noting the remarkable effect that this formula had upon BED-WETTING they concentrated their efforts on this new data and developed the formula to its present state of perfection. The result is the new DRY-TABS, a remarkable tablet that has brought new hope to thousands of tormented victims of BED-WETTING. Before this formula was released to the public, it was tested in clinics and hospitals by medical scientists on controlled groups of patients. The DRY-TABS formula is the result of thorough medical research, the same kind of research and care that is given to any product that is to be placed in the hands of the public. Chalk up BED-WETTING as one more ailment that has been conquered by the men of science. Think of it, no expensive electrical devices, cumbersome rubber sheets, special diets or mechanical alarms. Just a wonderful new tablet... DRY-TABS... product of medical research... offering the hope of a new future for all these sufferers of BED-WETTING. Be sure to order DRY-TABS today!

ADULTS: START LIVING A NORMAL LIFE TONIGHT!

Scientific tests actually prove DRY-TABS to be 75% effective in stopping this unfortunate habit—even after years of torment! Ends the constant worry of overnight hotel stops and fear of public embarrassment while napping on trains and buses. Don't wait another day. If your loved ones suffer the humiliation, the disgrace, insecurity and helplessness only BED-WETTING can cause, order DRY-TABS NOW! Easy to take, can be dissolved in water if necessary. Just follow simple directions.

MAKE THIS HOME TEST: Here is your guarantee of satisfaction. Try the DRY-TABS for the prescribed period. If you are not completely overjoyed with DRY-TABS' amazing ability to help stop BED-WETTING, your purchase price will be refunded. Accept this no-risk offer. Order DRY-TABS now!

SEND NO MONEY: Just name and address for generous 3-week supply. On arrival pay postman only \$3.00 per package plus C.O.D. charges on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

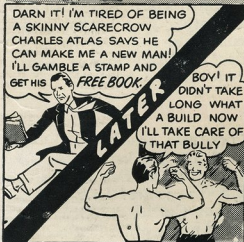
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- ☐ Cash enclosed, we pay all postage.
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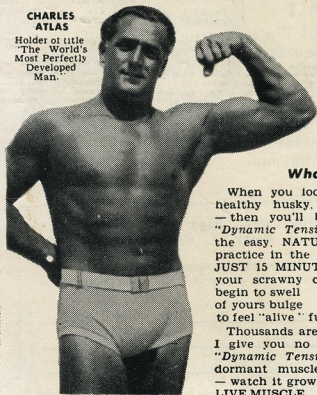
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